November 15th, 1796.

Though I know not when this will go, I shall begin it as a *journal de betises*. Yesterday several hundred young men were arrested because they had plaited curls behind their ears, construed to be the same as tresses, the signs of party.

Girandot the banker's house was robbed the night before last of a large sum in specie, the dog poisoned, &c. The Directory has *washed the head* of (*Anglice*, reprimanded) Cochon, the minister of police, for his neglect. Chevalier Jerningham's property is sold, therefore a hopeless case. Poor Laville is where he was, but instead of being a *fermier-general*, he is a retail snuff-seller, a very poor livelihood.

Le Moine was never even in prison. He is at Montagne, and his wife at Versailles. I have written to her. I dined to-day with l'Abb6 Tersan, who talked me to sleep. Not being accustomed of late to such rapidity of *verbiage* I could not follow him enough to understand him. He escaped the fury of the terrorists by lying hid up five pairs of stairs among his books. His section

protected
and answered for him.

Vaillant, who has published his "Travels in Africa," is *(secundum* Tersan) an illiterate and ignorant man, and the book is no more his